The Evening World.

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GOOD WISHES TO PRESIDENT HARDING.

TO President Harding The Evening World offers its sincere good wishes.

From this day on he has the biggest job in the United States. It is a poor kind of patriotism that does not wish him well and stand ready to support him wherever and whenever it can honestly do so.

He takes office to-day by the will of an overwhelming majority of the country's voters. Both Houses of the Congress with which he begins his term are controlled by his party. Politically he has an extraordinarily auspicious start.

That he will need the full momentum of that start is plain. To drive into the task of meeting the urgent reconstructive needs of the Nation will be all the harder because of the delay in formulating the policies of the new President and his Administration. The country earnestly hopes those policies will now be forthcoming.

The Evening World cannot approve all the advisers President Harding has chosen for his Cabinet. Nevertheless, it is glad that among them are men it can heartily approve and that upon these men will devolve duties of highest moment to our foreign relations and to our economic needs.

Mr. Harding has already shown one highly commendable ambition—to induce Congress to work faster and to more purpose. If he succeeds ever so little in this aim he need fear no stint of praise.

Policies are rightly to receive his first attention. The first test of those policies will be the degree to which they recognize the fact that nations *are* more closely interested in one another's fortunes than they were ten years ago, and the extent to which the Republican programme puts the needs of the *whole* country above the favoring of special sections or classes.

May President Harding find strength, encouragement and large vision for his task.

A CLEARING HOUSE FOR IMPRISONMENT.

A CHICAGO man convicted of forging postal money orders has advanced a most novel plea for judicial clemency.

He claims to have served five years in prison for murder. His pardon reads that he was not guilty. He now claims what amounts to a five-year credit in his account with society. He asks the court to reduce the penalty he must pay for his forgery by deducting the five years he has already served.

For his present crime he owes society a certain term of imprisonment. Society has already collected five years more than its due of his life. He asks for a clearing house transaction.

His appeal is plausible at least.

THE SIXTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

IT IS customary at the close of a final session of a Congress to summarize its accomplishments and eulogize its services.

Unfortunately, there is no occasion for such an article as the Sixty-sixth Congress ends.

Whatever has been accomplished toward reconstruction has been accomplished in spite of Congress and without its aid. The Congressional balance is a debit, not a credit. It has done but little, and most of that would have been better left undone. Even routine business has been neglected.

No Congress ever had greater opportunity for service. No Congress ever had more to answer for in the way of neglect, indifference, incompetence and partisanship.

The less said about the Sixty-sixth Congress the more charitable it will be. When the gavel falls for final adjournment the country may well heave a sigh of relief, secure in the faith that the Sixty-seventh Congress, whatever its faults, cannot be much worse than the Sixty-sixth.

GOOD POLICY?

THE Brooklyn City Railroad may be entirely within its rights in deciding to cut off service over the Williamsburg Bridge because of the operation of bridge cars by the city.

But is such a policy wise?

Will not defiance alienate public sympathy from the company? Would it not be wiser to oppose Grover Whalen's plan as vigorously and as publicly as possible and continue to operate until comparative statements of operation costs and expenses are available?

This attitude of fighting the same City Government from which it has asked repeated favors exposes the company to the charge of ingratitude. A fair statement of the loss occasioned by city competition, based on actual experience, would do much to soften the weight of public disapproval.

Other public service corporations have found it profitable and good policy to bear with and educate the public even when the public is wrong. Anything that savors of a "public-be-damned" attitude hurts the company more than it does any one else.

THE SIMPLER NOTE.

NO MORE heroic or thankless task falls to a man than to uphold a purpose which others who once professed it have forsaken.

Much will be said at this time of Woodrow Wilson. He will be praised for his great qualities. He will be blamed for his defects. Living men will pass in review the years of his Presidency and try to see him now as History will see him later.

But we should like to believe that millions of Americans to-day, whatever their political faith, are thinking and speaking of Woodrow Wilson also in simpler terms of human sympathy and acknowledgment.

One does not have to belong to any political party to feel that here was a man of our own time upon whom were laid well-nigh crushing burdens.

The way he carried those burdens, the courage and conviction, the indomitable will and energy with which he moved ahead under the load can no more be denied than the fact that an agonized world at the worst moment in its history hung on his words and acts.

For it did hang on them.

Schoolmaster, they called him.

Yet it was the "schoolmaster" who found expression for the larger purposes which bleeding, suffering humanity set before itself to keep up its faith and courage.

Autocrat, they called him.

Yet it was to the "autocrat" that desperate peoples turned for their best hope of ultimate security and freedom.

In the whole horrible welter there was felt to be no firmer spot than the simple moral ground upon which the President of the United States took his stand.

Living Americans know these things to be true, for they saw and were part of them.

Wish or pretend to forget it as some may, they cannot deny that Woodrow Wilson, more than any other man, formulated the aims by which the struggle against German aggression was rationalized and exalted.

For most Americans themselves shared in the exaltation until the danger was over and the spiritual tension relaxed.

That is why, if they are honest with themselves, they do not need history to reveal to them the present tragedy of the man who personified that exaltation and its purposes.

It was not he who abandoned his aims and theirs.

When a man who meant to civilization what Woodrow Wilson meant to it three short years ago goes into retirement, broken in health, yet steadfast in spirit, amid a world that has so changed toward him and toward itself, the fellow-countrymen of that man may well be conscious of something more than an instinct of cold appraisal.

Apart from all political differences, he was their fellow-citizen as well as President, living with them through the same tense times, facing the same problems, sharing the same unprecedented national experience. No man can say he shirked or flinched when the big moments came. No man can say he spared himself.

If there is true feeling left in American hearts, American heads will uncover with respect as Woodrow Wilson passes out of the Presidency.

There will be tears in many American eyes to-day as the War President of this generation goes down with slow and stricken step from the great task which found him ready and with which he kept full faith.

TWICE OVERS.

"IN war and in peace Mr. Wilson gave all that was in him to the cause of democracy and progress."—Rene Viviani of France.

* * *

"WE regard a free, contented and properous Germany essential to civilization and a discontented and enslaved Germany a menace and burden to European civilization."—Mr. Lloyd George to German Representatives.

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"JESSE JAMES was a piker in his palmiest days when compared with some hotel managers."—International Association of Commercial Travellers' Organizations.

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"ABOLISH perpendicular drinking. Make everybody drink sitting down."—Dr. R. W. Wilcox.

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"WE have the safest and cleanest city in the United States."—Police Commissioner Enright.

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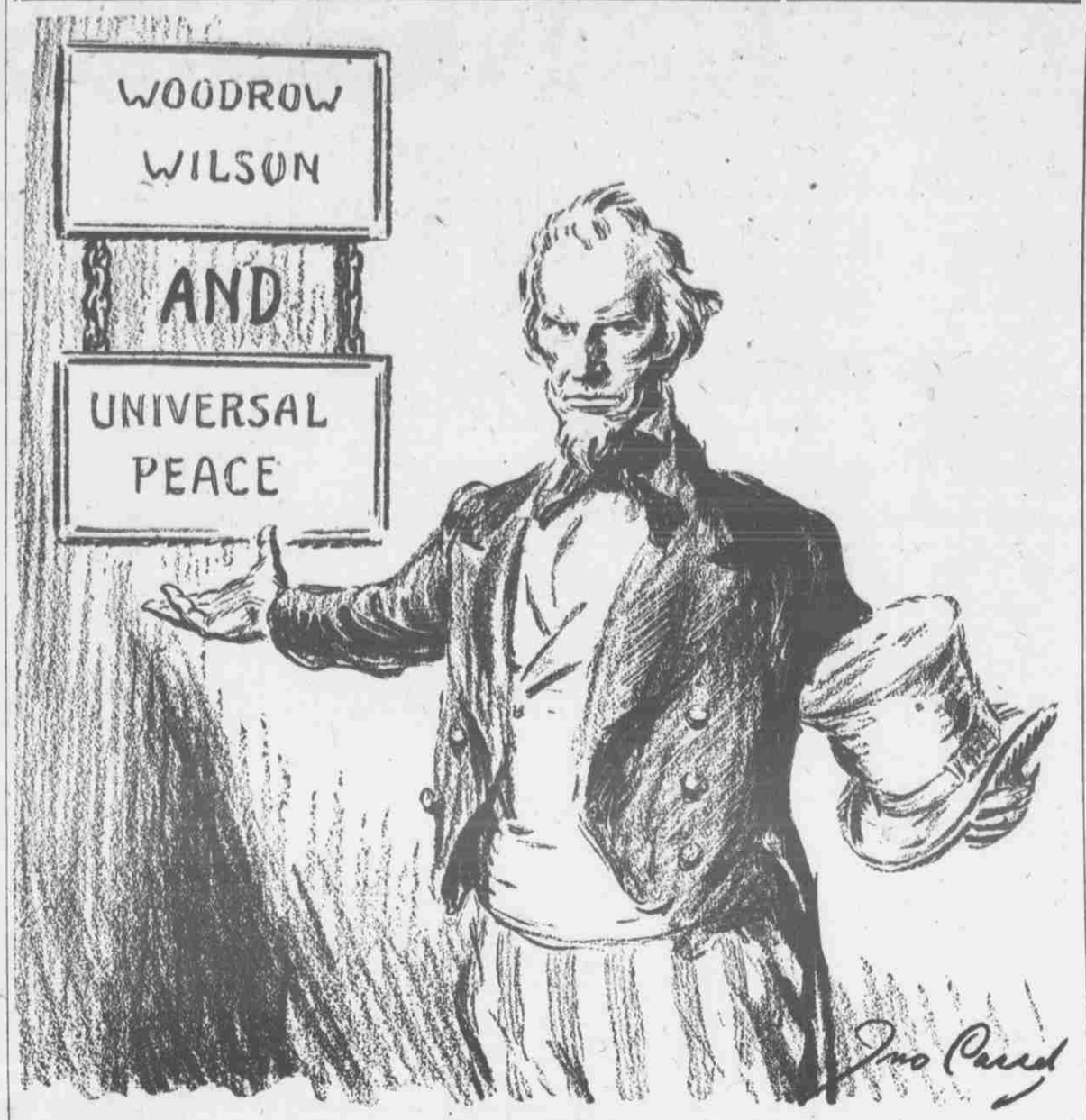
"I FEEL perfectly normal."—Mr. Harding at Marion.

Inseparable!

By John Cassel



W. W.

ON Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1918, Woodrow Wilson was master of the world. The armies under his command were the strongest, the people behind him the richest. It could have been proved by cold reasoning that he had reached the height through a calculated programme, waiting for the moment to strike when the foe had become too feeble to resist and the Allies too worn to contend for laurels. The next step might readily have been one of measureless ambition.

This he did not take, but instead substituted sentiment for power, ideals for autocracy. Then he began to fail, just because he brought himself into close contact with men who could thus more readily take his measure, men not farsighted like himself, but nearsighted, and, like all such, hesitant, distrustful. But even in these surroundings he proceeded confidently, never dreaming that he would have to defend a victory, or be balked for succeeding. Yet, thanks to the political system prevailing in the United States, this was an easy outcome for all of his great labors. Partisanship replaced patriotism when the danger was over. A mighty fear took possession of sundry small souls called Senators that if this man had his way their party's path would be closed, that in the magnificence of his triumph lay the danger of their own disappearance. Therefore, with disregard of their obligations to mankind, blind to all but party advantage, relying upon a fickle and indifferent public as certain to weary of noble deeds, they destroyed the fabric of faith in better things which the President had brought to life in the rest of the world, and tossed into the discard the honors and glories of the most gigantic conflict in the records of men.

History will place the shame where it belongs, and despite the "endorsement" at the polls, despite the careless reaction of the American people, it will not rest upon the shoulders of Woodrow Wilson.

And to him that peace which the mad world denies itself, now and forever!

From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

The Hour Saved.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Living in a semi-rural district, I have found the extra hour of daylight very desirable, as have also a majority of factory, mechanical and non-skilled workers with whom I have talked.

We work for a living and get around before breakfast. After working hours there is an extra daylight hour for baseball, auto riding, gardening, work around yard or house, in the cooler part of the day.

Five months is long enough, as the days are too short during the remainder of the year, but the five months do great good.

Some people object to any change in living, as a change in train time or church time, &c.

The inventor of our calendar was cruelly persecuted for his temerity in suggesting a change of time, and likewise any movement started for the general good must have its opponents to give it strength. The letter you published has aided the cause.

S. D. BOGARDUS.

Montrose, March 1, 1921.

Vocational Selection in Colleges.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Reports from authoritative sources indicate that more applicants than ever before will ask for admission to our colleges and universities this year. Already articles in the press draw attention to the possible need of rigorously limiting the number of students permitted to enroll in these institutions.

It would seem to me that, in view of these conditions, now is the time to apply to our universities the methods of vocational selection which are used so generally and so successfully in industry. In fact, this would prove a blessing in disguise, because by appraising and analyzing the characteristics of a young man or a young woman to determine whether he or she should enter a given college, we might save many of them from following a line of endeavor for which they were not fitted.

During forty years' experience in vocational guidance and selection, I have arrived at the conclusion that the greatest cause of unrest is to be found in ill-advised choice of one's occupation.

Also I have observed that in the case of the young person, only too often the selection of one sort of professional training in preference to another is based on the merest accident of acquaintance or idealism.

By all means, let us apply the art of character appraisal in its bearing on vocational selection to the applicants who are now thronging about the portals of our universities.

HOLMES W. MERTON, M. D.

New York City, March 1, 1921.

Praises the Mayor.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In reading Henry Smythers's letter of Feb. 26, I wonder why he is so anxious to get rid of Mayor Hylan. Probably he is one of those soreheads or know nothings and does not see or even understand the great fight John F. Hylan is making against the big corporations for the benefit of the people in New York.

But we cannot prevent him and a few more like him from having such an opinion.

Let Mr. Smythers vote as he pleases, and if he votes against Hylan that will not prevent the Mayor from being re-elected with the greatest majority any man running for office ever received.

C. HANIFIN.

New York, March 1, 1921.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

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LEARN TO-DAY'S LESSON.

Any schoolboy knows what it means to fall behind in his class work. If through absence or indolence he leaves to-day's lesson unlearned, to-morrow's becomes twice as difficult. And at examination time the neglected lesson, unless it has been made up, may mean an utter failure.

One of the lessons we study daily is the lesson of history—not the history of the past, but the history of to-day. And if we do not study it daily in the only place it is to be found—the newspapers—we soon fall behind in an important department of knowledge.

The wise transatlantic traveller when his ship comes into port not only reads the newspapers of the day but gets the files and reads about all that happened while he was at sea and dependent only on brief wireless summaries of the news.

In that way he keeps up with what is going on and retains his place in the procession in which we all are travelling.

You will be abler, keener, better fit for your daily tasks if you read the newspapers, not occasionally, but every day, reflecting on what you read and letting nothing of importance escape your daily attention.

The newspapers are made up by men trained in bringing together all the most important of the world's happenings and condensing them so that you can grasp them with little difficulty.

If yours is a good newspaper it is interesting, for nothing is really news that isn't interesting.

Read it carefully. It is your history of the most interesting of all the periods of the world's history—the times in which you are living.

You can get an excellent education by reading the newspapers attentively and following up the suggestions that come to you while reading them.

If you do not read them, and read them carefully, you will always be rusty and behind the times, though you have taken all the degrees the greatest university can confer.

Poets of The Bible

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory

JOHN OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

In passing from the Synoptic Gospels (Matthew, Mark and Luke), to the "Gospel According to St. John" we at once realize the fact that we are in a new literary and spiritual environment. The style of the writer, the treatment of the theme, and the whole ensemble of the work are suddenly and completely transformed.

The Jesus of Matthew, Mark and Luke is as different from the Jesus of John as the Socrates of Xenophon is from the Socrates of Plato, and the explanation of the differences is found in the fact that John idealized Jesus, just as Plato idealized Socrates.

In other words, the Fourth Gospel is a poem—one of the greatest in the world—while the other Gospels are narrative in character, being the work of mere scribes, with no vision beyond that of the task immediately at hand.

Says Renan, "John's nature was too powerful and too deep to be able to stoop to the personal tone of the other evangelists. Habituated to revolve his souvenirs with the feverish restlessness of an exalted soul, he transformed his Master, while endeavoring to delineate him."

And we should all be devoutly thankful for the "transformation," just as we should rejoice over the transformation of Socrates at the hands of the "divine" Plato.

No one knows the name of the man who wrote the Fourth Gospel, but it is almost impossible to believe that he was a Jew. The Gospel is the very antithesis of the Hebrew way of thinking, and everything goes to show that the author was an Alexandrian Greek, steeped in the symbolism of Neo-Platonism and the tenets of the Gnostics.

The author cared nothing for facts, at least for the ground-floor facts. They meant nothing to him. In his mighty vision, in the broad sweep of his spiritual seeing, the facts disappeared and he saw only the eternal truth that the facts symbolized.

In the Jesus who walked about in Galilee for some thirty years he saw the incarnation and personification of the INFINITE WISDOM and LOVE, as though he had said in so many words:

"Goodness is seated on the throne of God, and directs His omnipotence. It is blessedness of all holy and happy beings to contemplate her, the Supreme Beauty, and be more and more conformed to her image. It is by her that the universe is attuned and filled with harmony. She descended from Heaven, and in the person of Jesus displayed her loveliness; and called men to obey her laws, and enter into her kingdom of light and joy. But she addressed those who were blind and deaf. She was rejected, despised, hated, persecuted and crucified—but she is immortal, and hers, ultimately, is the victory."

Such, in substance, is this great prose poem, the loftiest and most inspiring thing in the whole range of religious literature.

Are You Observant?

WHAT PLACE IN NEW YORK CITY IS THIS?

Read the Answer in the Next of the Series.

NO. 9.

Answer to previous description—Frankfort and William streets.

Three buildings have occupied the same spot within the last twenty-two or three years, one torn down to replace the other, each used by the same interests for the same purpose. On a side street having a corner of its own yet not an avenue, it stands blocking the broad business and residential thoroughfare that leads up to it. In the centre of the hotel district it appears squat when compared to the skyscrapers. Three subways make it easy of access and add to the crowds in the street, while the elevated runs to its doors. Beautiful in the character of its architecture, the New Yorker pays little attention to it, yet the visitor seldom fails to remark upon its beauty. It is a hustling, bustling place, whose cellar and sub-cellar teem with life at all hours of the day.

"That's a Fact"

By Albert P. Southwick

The father of Pope Pius X. was a country postman and during his pontificate the family kept a village inn.

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The Bank of England, the most extensive banking institution in the world, employs over 1,000 clerks and its buildings cover 8 acres.

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Envelopes were first used in 1839.

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The sweet potato and the artichoke originated in America.

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The first fire department in America was organized in Philadelphia, in 1736.

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The largest known pearl is one of irregular shape in the South Kensington Museum, London. It weighs 1,800 grains, has a circumference of 4½ inches, and is surmounted by an enamelled and jewelled gold crown.

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The most perfect pearl in existence is said to be known as "Le Pellegrina," in the Museum of Zosima, in Moscow; it is a perfectly globular Indian pearl of singular beauty, weighing 28 carats.

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Religious freedom was first established in America by the Roman Catholics of Maryland, under the first Lord Baltimore.

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The red currant grows wild all over Europe, in Caucasus, the Himalayas, Manchuria, Japan and arctic America.

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The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

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"Wide-Awakes" was the name given to Republican organizations who wore a peculiar shoulder-cloak and carried torches during the political campaign commencing in 1860.

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Sir John Herschel first found heat rays below the red of the solar spectrum, and Ritter first found chemical rays above the violet, about the year 1801. On the latter depend the wonders of photography.